

Grand Carnival Features Plans Of Student Council for Providing Equipment, Uniforms for Band

All-University Affair to Be Given First Week in May; Organizations Solicited to Provide Booths, Side Shows and Vodvil Acts

1990

The University Hatchet

STUDENT

WEEKLY

Members of
Intercollegiate Newspaper Association of the Middle Atlantic States
National College Press Association

Editor.....F. WINFIELD WHITMAN
Business Manager.....LESTER M. GATTS

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MARIAN BOYLE
LEO DAVID
C. MANLEY FESLER
WALLIS I. SCHUTT
CECILE HARRINGTON
EIRE MOONEY
MARY WEAVER

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

BETTY COON
SAMUEL DETWILER
KATHRYN DILLON
VIRGINIA HAWKINS
JOHN T. MADIGAN
JANE MENEFER
GORDON V. POTTER
JOHN T. VIVIAN

SENIOR REPORTERS

John Everett
Dorothy Lander
Margaret Liebler
Ruth Schmidt
Wilbur McNeill
Catherine Prichard

JUNIOR REPORTERS

Harriet Atwell
Rhoda Blose
John Busch
Charlotte Dubin
Dorothy Kerr
Robert Hervey
Helen Middleton
Platonis Pappas
Martha Sutton
Walter Rhinehart
Doris Shiner
John Walstrom
William Weissel

Advertising Manager.....PHILIP MERRIMAN
Circulation Manager.....ROGER MARQUIS
Office Manager.....EVELYN ELLEN

Published weekly from October to May with one issue in July and September by the students of The George Washington University, Washington, D. C. Entered as second-class matter, October 27, 1911, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 8, 1919.

Telephone: National 6462 (University Exchange); Then ask for "University Hatchet." (After 7 P. M. and on Sunday call District 5170.)
Subscription, \$2.00 a year.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PUBLICATIONS

Executive Officer.....DOUGLAS BEMENT
Graduate Manager.....HENRY W. HERZOG

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1932

THE SPRING CARNIVAL

Developments are indicating that the Student Council is really up and doing.

The rapid rise and quality of the band as a permanent musical organization was a revelation to many who had heard promises of such a unit for years. It demonstrated clearly that *things could be done*, here as elsewhere. Much credit is due the Student Council for its labors in behalf of the band, but praise and acknowledgment will not take care of the many obligations incurred by the establishment of a musical unit of the size and caliber of the University band. The Council has worked to meet expenses accruing from outfitting the band with uniforms, instruments, equipment, etc. Various methods have been successfully employed and the work has gone on silently, few students realizing the expenditure of effort which, from the beginning, has assured the success of a first class band.

Now comes the announcement of an entirely new departure in fund raising, and at the same time an event which should prove to be a high light in the social calendar of the University. We refer to the All-University Carnival to be sponsored by the Student Council for the benefit of the University Band.

The name *Carnival* connotes a spirit of merrymaking and festivity. Participants in the various skits are afforded an opportunity to ad lib to their hearts content—and originality only adds fuel to the flames of burlesque. Actors and audiences alike scintillate the humor of the occasion and all concerned depart the scene feeling better for having lived and let live. And it is all for a truly worthy cause—an organization of which we are all proud and which, thus far, has been more than a credit to the University.

The University Hatchet suggests that in addition to the events planned, a popularity contest be conducted, to culminate on the last night of the Carnival. The sale of votes would provide a source of some revenue as well as stimulate interest in the affair. Several such contests have been conducted here more or less successfully, although none have been attempted recently. Other universities give prominence in such events, and with far smaller numbers from which to draw support for the contestants. With the inter-sectional student representation at George Washington, rivalry and interest should reach heights far above the average. Dixie against Yankee! Blonde against brunette! Organization pitted against organization! A popularity contest could and should prove to be the most talked of and keenly interesting event of the Spring Carnival.

Student Council Elections

According to the by-laws of the Student Council, Article III, Section V, "The elections shall be held in a place and manner to be determined by the Student Council."

It seems to The Hatchet that the "manner" at least should be a more or less set procedure, and should provide some system akin to the primaries of orthodox political machinery. Such a procedure would thin out the contestants and insure against a split in the vote at the time of the final elections. If the manner of election is by mere plurality, as is often the case in school voting, there exists a competent tool for the manipulation of unscrupulous participants. Why not a party system in which the rivalry and group competition would be thrashed out by the various schools before the actual election of candidates to the Student Council? Would not much log-rolling and petty scheming be eliminated?

This is an excellent time for someone to advance something concrete in the way of a regular procedure for Student Council elections.

CHIPS

We can say, "Happy Easter!" now, since we had a lot of free dances to make it happy, which wasn't expected earlier. Another Prom of Proms Friday, "With Corsages." What crust! Just another laugh at the men's expense—Incidentally, the Petticoat, female cherry humor sheet and rival of the Razzberry, will appear, and we are sure that you will be mentioned. All of the men round these parts are practicing up with a little exercise in the tuxedo, since favorite femme got a glimpse of the yodeling ape child, Tarzan, tearing about in a G string. Yes, my dear, dreams came true, and there is a Santa Claus, for at last Rudy Vallee sang at the S. A. E. House.

If the coeds were Glee Club minded this week, we had the native sons at the Fox (with female help), as well as visiting clubbers from Colgate and Dartmouth. But no matter how you look at them, they are still Glee Clubs. The Depression took another crack on the chin when the Cherry Tree demand exceeded the number of copies ordered. Can it be that the yearbook has sex appeal?—Easter Week Dance Features: All the sorority brawls were overly lousy with stage and scarce of women (we want more pleggedes!). We wonder if Wenzel found all the piano keys he was looking for under the piano at the T. U. O. dance. Papa Pick told Swartwout that 4 a. m. is time for any young man to go home. It's a darn shame, isn't it? The Delts entertained Hyattsville for the benefit of Bill Pates. Everyone will attend the "closed" Greenwich Village Party given by the Sigs next Saturday. Everett says Phi Sig is the favorite in the

Baseball Tournament. The Sigma Nu's don't have a reporter on the Sport Staff.

The A. D. Pi's held a shower and unless Rollo is color blind, the bathroom will be done in a lovely shade of pea green. Wanted: Cushions for the back porch swing.—The Pie Pie Settlement Dance appeal went over better this year, as the net profit was \$99. Playing mother to our football janitors is evidently profitable.—Twelve sororities and nine fraternities got up stream for intramural debates. Pan Hellenic tiffs should give the women more finesse in argumentation.—Yoleks! To Horrel Brookhart galloped. Maxwell galloped. In fact, they galloped all to—

Talk about the broadening effect of travel, we recommend the Columbian Saddlewomen's Club as a means of attaining the same effect.—The Sino-Jap questions had a real airing when "Elmer Louis" went clear up to the University of Maine to tell them all about it. No appreciation down here for home talent.

Before this week has waned it is rumored that Jo Atwell will sport "another" fraternity pin.—All the Annie Athletes had a big time at the W. A. A. Banquet, and now there are oodles of letters and numerals scattered about, mention of which can be attached to your Cherry Tree picture next year.—The Engineers plan their annual banquet with no change except that MacArthur will bat for Cook in the clean-up position.—Are you tired of this? Well, so am I. Goodbye. We'll see you at the Prom.

DICK ROLLO.

Columbian Women to Stage Banquet at Chevy Chase Club

(Continued from Page 1)

Margaret Moore; Decorations, Miss Helen Harper; Ushers, Mary Harrington and Elizabeth Reeves; Printing, Dorothy Ruth.

Miss Harriet Garrels, first vice president, acting in the absence of the president, Mrs. William J. Mallory, is in general charge of plans for the banquet.

Engineering School Banquet To Be at Mayflower Hotel

(Continued from Page 1)

partment of the Interior, will officiate at the banquet as toastmaster.

At the speaker's table there will be, in addition to Major General Amos A. Fries, U. S. Army, retired, the District of Columbia chairmen of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and the president of the Washington Society of Engineers.

In addition to the dinner and the speakers, an elaborate program of entertainment has been arranged. George Jackson, who is in charge of the distribution of tickets, has requested that all students in the engineering school who have not received their ticket from a member of the committee, secure one at once from Miss Ehlalager, secretary of the Engineering School.

International Meeting Hears Henry Gregor

Program Includes Other Musical Selections, Movie of Rumania

The International Student Society of George Washington University met Wednesday evening, March 23, in Corcoran Hall 23. An interesting program was presented under the direction of the president of the organization, Anne M. Bodony. Following the entertainment, tea was served to the assembled members and guests.

The program:
Piano solo, "Amaryllis," Mrs. Anne Whitaker, of the Peabody Conservatory of Music.

Movie of Rumania given through the courtesy of Anita M. M. Boggs of the Bureau of Commercial Economics.

Greek Love Song, "Tharouses pos on horistaumai," Platonis Pappas.

Vocal Solos, "J'ai Perdu Cello," and "Au printemps," Mrs. Merle Protzman, accompanied on the piano by Professor Protzman.

The last number on the program was the feature of the evening, Henry S. Gregor, a native of Russia and instructor at National Park Seminary, rendered several selections on the piano, two of the pieces being his own compositions.

Public Speech Club Formed by Students

New Organization to Be Known as "The Speakers' Congress"

A club for students interested in public speaking and debate was founded at George Washington recently and is to be known as "The Speakers' Congress." The plans and purposes of this organization are to promote practical experience in public speaking, to further education in regard to matters of national and international importance, parliamentary procedure, pertaining to college life in general, and to encourage participation in intercollegiate debates.

At a meeting held Monday, March 20, officers for the remainder of the year were elected. They are as follows: Speaker, C. H. Floyd; speaker protem, Edward Northrop; chief clerk, John G. Barbers; treasurer, Clara Critchfield; assistant clerk, Olivia Watkins, and sergeant-at-arms, Dewitt Bennett. Nominating speeches were delivered by John Barbers, Dewitt Bennett, William Franklin and Edward Northrop. Committees were appointed as follows: Membership, Clara Critchfield, Dewitt Bennett, and Edward Northrop; program, Frank Backus, Helen Clark, and Hilda Hayes; publicity, John Barbers, Olivia Watkins, Helen Clark, and Clara Critchfield; by-laws, Edward Northrop, McMillan, and Linville.

This club meets every Monday at 2 o'clock in room 33 in Corcoran Hall. All students are welcome, according to the secretary.

Save Time Raise Grades

Here's a helpful ally that will rob your written work of its tediousness—you don't have to take our word for it—ask anyone who owns one. Or better, call a District 1630 and we'll arrange for you to see for yourself.

The UNDERWOOD PORTABLE will save your time and add to the effectiveness of your essays, notes, and term papers.

Standard Keyboard Term Payments
Underwood
Typewriter Co.
1413 New York Ave.

JOIN this Growing Family

Miss Holt makes it a point to get acquainted with her G. W. patrons . . . so mealtime at the Food Shop is pretty much like a family affair. You will like both Miss Holt's attentive service and the quality and reasonableness of her food. Try the Food Shop once, and you are quite likely to buy a meal ticket and become a "regular."

THE FOOD SHOP

G Street at 20th

Service 7:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M.

Pan-hellenic Prom to Feature Baxton's Carolina Tar-heels

(Continued from Page 1)

West, Professor Courtland Baker and Mr. Christopher Garnett.

Programs are to be in the Bi-centennial spirit and are to be attractive and unusual. The committee is promising a surprise to the guests. No amount of pleading would make those in charge disclose this secret. Louise Wright, Grace White, and Gladys Wright, under the leadership of Marion Ziegler, are responsible for the plans offered this year.

The feature of the evening will be the midnight appearance of the "Petticoat," the scandal sheet published by the members of Gamma Eta Zeta, women's honorary journalistic fraternity. Discretion forbids the naming of the editor of this paper, but she promises that it will be a bigger and better edition, and that all the choice morsels about both friends and enemies will be found in it.

Kappa Alpha Order Installs New Officers

Beta Mu Chapter at St. John's College Hosts at Installation

A joint installation of newly elected officers of the various chapters of the Kappa Alpha order in Maryland, Delaware, and the District of Columbia, will be held on April 17 at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., Beta Mu Chapter acting as hosts.

The day's festivities will begin by the staging of a tea dance at the chapter house on Saturday afternoon and will be followed that evening by a banquet at 7:30. At the conclusion of the banquet the ritualistic ceremony of installation will begin.

George Washington University men who will participate in the affair are Oliver Pagan, newly elected president of Alpha Nu; Minor Hudson, newly elected vice president, and Geoffrey Creyke, newly elected secretary.

Fraternity Benefits Extolled by Wilbur

Provost Praises Rising School Spirit at Interfraternity Smoker

Extolling the benefits to be derived from fraternalism, William Allen Wilbur addressed over 100 members of the campus fraternities at an informal interfraternity smoker, held by the Sigma Chi fraternity at their house, Wednesday, March 23.

Provost Wilbur expressed pleasure at the rising tide of common interest and school spirit in the student body, and urged a continuance of similar events.

The smoker is one of a number of individually sponsored efforts, which have been given this year to bring about a closer relationship between Greek letter organizations and their members.

Members of the committee who were responsible for this successful affair were Alfred Halverson, Gordon Brown, and James Cherry.

Get Your Text Books at LOWDERMILK'S 1418 F St.

Paul Pearlman

COLLEGE AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS

1711 G STREET N. W.

NEW COURSE!

11:30 a. m.-2:30 p. m. M. W. F.

Enroll Now

Many "choosy" students from George Washington took a liking to our 25-cent Lenten specials, so, endeavoring to continue to please, we offer an entirely new 25-cent luncheon:

Choice of Soup, Tomato Juice, Half Grapefruit
Ham Croquette
Choice of any Vegetable
Hot Bread or Roll with Butter
Coffee or Tea

We take special care in making these croquettes—they're meaty, cooked thoroughly to a crispy brown, and always delicious because we serve them fresh from the kitchen.

JENNER'S Cafeteria 1819 G Street

We shall be glad to have you inspect our kitchen any time.



LOW EVENING AND NIGHT RATES ON STATION-TO-STATION CALLS
EVENING: (Between 7 p. m. and 8:30 p. m.) 15% to 20% lower than day rates
NIGHT: (Between 8:30 p. m. and 4:30 a. m.) 40% to 50% lower than day rates
These reductions apply on all rates above 25c

The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company
(Bell System)

725 Thirteenth Street N.W. METROPOLITAN 9900

Intramural Teams Provide Action in Base Ball Series

Uniforms and Equipment Furnished by University Athletic Departments

Intramural baseball breaks into the limelight of the spring sports program when the Law School and the Engineers cross bats on Thursday, April 14, on the baseball diamonds of the Monument lots. Six teams, representing the Law School, Engineering, Pre-Medical, Pharmacy, Junior College, and Columbian College are entered in the intramural series which is directed by Jean Sexton.

Uniforms with the names of the various teams on them, bats and balls as well as the necessary catcher's regalia, are furnished by the athletic department to each team. Managers of the teams are in charge of their respective squads and have the authority to give uniforms to the best players.

All students who are in attendance in any of the colleges are eligible to try out for the teams and should report to Mr. Sexton or the team manager as soon as possible. Umpiring for every game will be handled by a number of capable men majoring in Physical Education.

To Play on Ellipse
Baseball diamonds on the Ellipse facing the White House have been secured by the athletic department and will be used for all games until May 31 when the final play-off is scheduled.

The complete intramural baseball schedule follows:

April
14 Law vs Engineers—3 p.m.
15 Junior Col. vs Pre-Med.—3 p.m.
16 Pharmacy vs Columbian Col.—1 p.m.
17 Law vs Junior Col.—3 p.m.
18 Columbian Col. vs Pharmacy—3 p.m.
19 Junior Col. vs Engineers—3 p.m.
21 Engineers vs Law—3 p.m.
22 Pre-Med. vs Columbian Col.—3 p.m.
23 Law vs Pre-Med.—1 p.m.
24 Pharmacy vs Engineers—3 p.m.
25 Law vs Pharmacy—3 p.m.
26 Junior Col. vs Columbian Col.—1 p.m.
28 Columbian Col. vs Engineers—3 p.m.
29 Pharmacy vs Junior Col.—1 p.m.
30 Engineers vs Columbian Col.—1 p.m.
30 Pre-Med. vs Junior Col.—3 p.m.
May
1 Law vs Pharmacy—3 p.m.
3 Junior Col. vs Columbian Col.—1 p.m.
5 Play-off—1 p.m. and 3 p.m.
6 Engineers vs Pre-Med.—3 p.m.
7 Pharmacy vs Engineers—3 p.m.
7 Law vs Columbian Col.—1 p.m.
9 Junior Col. vs Pharmacy—3 p.m.
11 Law vs Junior Col.—3 p.m.
13 Pre-Med. vs Columbian Col.—3 p.m.
14 Engineers vs Pre-Med.—3 p.m.
16 Play-off—1 p.m. and 3 p.m.
16 Columbian Col. vs Law—3 p.m.
18 Play-off—1 p.m. and 3 p.m.
19 Engineers vs Junior Col.—3 p.m.
20 Pre-Med. vs Pharmacy—1 p.m.
21 Play-off—1 p.m. and 3 p.m.
23 Play-off—1 p.m.
23 Pharmacy vs Engineers—3 p.m.
25 Play-off—1 p.m. and 3 p.m.
26 Play-off—1 p.m. and 3 p.m.
27 Play-off—1 p.m. and 3 p.m.
28 Play-off—1 p.m. and 3 p.m.
30 Play-off—1 p.m. and 3 p.m.
31 Play-off—1 p.m. and 3 p.m.

Varsity Women Win Fast Alumnae Game

Basketball Season Closes With 64-30 Victory for Picked Team

The women's basketball season ended on March 24 when the honorary varsity team met the alumnae team in one of the fastest and most interesting games of the year. The alumnae, handicapped by lack of practice, put up a plucky fight but went down to a 64-30 defeat before the smooth team work of the varsity players.

The alumnae team consisted of Julia Denning Barnes, Althea Lawton, Polly Linnville, Elizabeth Zimmerman, Martha Bennenson, and Agnes Rodgers.

There were several substitutions on the varsity. The team was composed of Reba Barton, Catherine Crane, Janice Hyatt, Louise Berryman, Mary Lee Watkins, and Louise Cox.

Tournament Opened For Women Golfers

All Women Eligible to Event Sponsored by W. A. A.

As a part of the spring sports season, the Women's Athletic Association is sponsoring a golf tournament open to all women in the University regardless of whether or not they are enrolled in Physical Education classes.

Drawings will be made the latter part of next week and no entries will be accepted later than Wednesday, April 13. Those interested in trying their golfing prowess in competition will find an entry sheet posted on the bulletin board in the locker rooms in Building R, first floor, or they may register with Catherine Prichard, women's golf manager.

A tournament held in the fall was won by Virginia Pope with Virginia Dillman as runner-up.

Intramural Tennis Tourney Applications Must Be Filed

Applications for the intramural tennis tournament should be filed on or before April 13 with Jean Sexton, as the starting of the tourney is dependent only on the weather. The match will be run off in brackets similar to those of last year.

Applicants for managers of intramural baseball teams representing Law School and Engineering should see Jean Sexton at the gymnasium as soon as possible.

Winter Sports Close With Annual Banquet

Women's Athletic Group Pays Tribute to George Washington

"Our Heritage from George Washington" was the theme of the annual winter banquet of the Women's Athletic Association at the Kennedy-Warren on March 23. The program, decorations, and place cards carried out the theme and formed a tribute to the memory of George Washington.

Katherine McCallum, president of the association and toastmistress for the occasion, spoke on "The General at Leisure," and related many incidents illustrating his great interest in sports. Ruth Aubeck portrayed "An Evening of Entertainment at Mount Vernon," assisted by Helen Spasoff who played a brief program of piano solos including several of Washington's favorite selections.

Louise Linkins, manager of basketball, and Annabelle McCollough, manager of rifle, gave summaries of their respective sports in 1932. Both sports have been unusually successful this past season with more women than last year out for both. Following these reports, Ruth Atwell and Helen Taylor, rifle coach, conferred awards on members of the honorary varsity and winning class teams.

"Taking Command," the installation of officers of the Association, for the coming year, was conducted by Katherine McCallum as the final event of the evening's program. The new officers are: President, Grace Haley; vice-president, Edith Grosvenor; treasurer, Dorothy Wilson; secretary, Catherine Prichard; first assistant secretary, Mary Louise Braselton; second assistant secretary, Katherine Wassaman. The installation ceremony was a simple but beautiful one, and brought to a fitting close a successful and delightful banquet.

Group Get Basketball Letters
Major letters in basketball were conferred on Louise Berryman, Janice Hyatt, Catherine Crane, Katherine McCallum, Louise Cox, and Mary Lee Watkins. Minor letters went to Jean

Tentative Schedule For Colonial Quint Lists Hard Games

Strong Teams From All Sections the Country Over Are Being Booked

A schedule that promises to be not only the most difficult a George Washington team has attempted, but also equally as attractive as any previous one, is being made for the 1932 varsity basketball team. Although the entire list of games has not been announced, tentative tilts with representative quint from all sections of the country are being booked.

An attempt to sign up prospective games with leading collegiate teams was made by Coaches Pixlee and Walsh when they attended the annual conference of the National Basketball Coaches Association held in Chicago on March 31, April 1 and 2. Games with several strong teams from middle-western, southern, eastern and northern universities are in the making.

Among the new teams assured a place on the 1932 Colonial schedule are the ever-powerful quints from the University of Pittsburgh, which is likely to play two games on a home-and-home basis, and the University of Wisconsin Badgers.

Duke and N. C. State on Card. Three games with such universities as Clemson, North Carolina State and Duke of the Southern Conference, are tentative. St. Johns of Brooklyn, nemesis of last year's five, will be seen in a game here.

Coach Pixlee will have a wealth of material from which to mold another star quintet. Noonan, Shirley, Wickham and Gleason will be the new additions to the varsity squad from the yearlings. Jack Conner, varsity mainstay, will be the only player not to return next season.

McGregor, Grace Haley, Elizabeth Elgin, and Dorothy Wilson. Senior numerals were presented to Katherine McCallum, Janice Hyatt, Louise Berryman, Lillian Rosenfeld, Jean McGregor, and Louise James, and junior numerals to Grace Haley, Beatrice Tabinski, Helen Chace, Jane Hill, Elizabeth Elgin, Dorothy Wilson, Bettie Elfelt, Mary Louise Braselton, Katherine Wassaman, and Edith Grosvenor.

In rifle major letters were won by

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

Colonial Golf Team Defeated In First Contest of Season

In their initial encounter of the current season the George Washington golf team lost to Boston College on the Indian Springs Golf Course on Friday, April 1. Dolph Atherton, Bob Stearns, Bill Coleman, and Jimmy Suter opposed the Bostonians in that order. Lack of practice before the match handicapped the team, all of whom are representing George Washington for the first time.

The remaining matches on the Colonial schedule are:

April 13—William and Mary.
April 29—University of Richmond.
May 6—Duke University.

Fraternity Baseball Tournament Begins

Interesting Battle for Championship Expected; Series Starts April 10

The resounding whack of a bat against a horseshoe and the genuine cheers of enthusiastic fans will soon be heard when the Interfraternity baseball series begins on Sunday, April 10. The majority of teams have been practicing in earnest for this year's championship scramble.

Competition is as keen as ever among the fraternities and fans are looking forward to many interesting battles. All games are to be played on the Monument baseball diamonds. Teams in League A play their games at 9 a. m. and League B teams are scheduled for 11 a. m. All games must be played on the date set except in case of mutual agreement between the team managers to play at some other date.

Managers of winning teams must notify Frank Hale at the S. A. E. house of the results and scores of the games each Sunday before 4 p. m.

Schedule Announced
The Interfraternity baseball schedule:

SUNDAY, APRIL 10	
League A	League B
S. K. vs. P. S. K.	K. S. vs. E. E. E.
T. U. O. vs. T. D. X.	K. A. vs. S. A. E.
D. T. D. vs. Acacia	S. N. vs. S. M. S.
SUNDAY, APRIL 17	
P. S. K. vs. Acacia	K. S. vs. S. M. S.
T. D. X. vs. S. X.	S. P. E. vs. K. A.
T. D. D. vs. T. U. O.	S. N. vs. S. A. E.
SUNDAY, APRIL 24	
T. U. O. vs. P. S. K.	S. A. E. vs. S. M. S.
S. X. vs. Acacia	S. P. E. vs. S. N.
T. D. X. vs. D. T. D.	K. S. vs. K. A.
SUNDAY, MAY 1	
S. X. vs. D. T. D.	S. P. E. vs. S. M. S.
T. U. O. vs. Acacia	S. A. E. vs. K. S.
T. D. X. vs. P. S. K.	K. A. vs. S. N.
SUNDAY, MAY 8	
S. X. vs. T. U. O.	S. A. E. vs. S. P. E.
T. D. D. vs. P. S. K.	K. A. vs. S. M. S.
T. D. X. vs. Acacia	K. S. vs. S. N.

Women Riflers Beat Terrapin Gun Girls, Collegiate Champion

Maryland, Carnegie Tech Defeated by George Washington Sharpshooters

The George Washington women's rifle team has been doing remarkably good shooting in the past few weeks. The most outstanding match so far this year was the one with Maryland University, in which G. W. was victorious, the score being 497 to 494. This victory was especially significant since Maryland has been proclaimed the national champion this year, a title which the G. W. team held for four consecutive years.

Carnegie Tech was also recently defeated by the G. W. team when the

latter made a score of 497 against the former's 488 points.

The last match held was with the University of Vermont, whose scores have not yet been received. However, the scores made by the George Washington women, were as follows:

Evelyn Kerr, 99; Virginia Sheffield, 99; Ruth Schmidt, 99; Caroline Seibert, 98; Ruth White, 98; total, 493.

The PARK LANE Inn

21st and Pa. Ave. N. W.
Breakfast—Luncheon—Dinner
Open Sundays and Holidays
Mrs. H. Pieper, Proprietress

ART MATERIALS

MUTH
710 13th
W. 6366

Ransacking the Town

Consistent patronage by new and old friends of Cleves is a happy incentive for us in our search for new and timely foods.

To keep the Cleves counters always fresh and attractive we actually do more than ransack Washington . . . we literally search the nation.

And naturally, we solicit the suggestions of our patrons.

The New Cleves Cafeteria

1715 G ST. N.W.

In the new John Paul Jones Building

Many pretty girls like a MILD and PURE cigarette that TASTES BETTER

Chesterfield They Satisfy

Chesterfield Radio Program
MON. & TUE. 10:00 p.m. BOSSWELL SISTERS
TUES. & WED. 10:00 p.m. ALEX GRAY
WED. & SAT. 10:00 p.m. RUTH ETTING
THUR. & FRI. 10:00 p.m. SHUKRETT'S ORCHESTRA every night but Sunday
NORMAN BROOKSHIRE Announcer
COLUMBIA NETWORK

Council Dance Will Present New Band

Ten-piece Orchestra Promises Many Novelties for Tuesday Night Affair

Offering a brand new ten-piece band which is making its first dance appearance in Washington, as well as several specialties and novelties, the Student Council announces its third subscription dance of the year. The dance will be held in Corcoran Hall on Tuesday evening, April 12, from 9:30 to 12:30.

The committee in charge promises to make this one of the best dances of the year. The extra features are especially designed to afford some amusement during intermissions.

This is a benefit affair for the University band uniform and equipment fund. There will be the usual charge of one-dollar, with or without a date. Tickets are on sale by all members of

the CIRCLE THEATRE

Home of the Mirror Screen

2105 Penn. Ave. N. W.
Latest DeForest Sound Equipment
"TOMORROW AND TOMORROW" Tuesday, Wednesday—Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas. A play that brings vibrant life to the screen.
"AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 MINUTES WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS" Thursday, Friday—Fairbanks pep, Fairbanks speed, in a new and dashing successful form of screen entertainment.
"THE GAY CABELLERO" Saturday—George O'Brien, Victor McLaglen, Conchita Montenegro. Anyone will enjoy this picture.
"STRICTLY DISHONORABLE" Sunday, Monday—Paul Lukas, Sidney Fox, Lewis Stone. The romantic comedy drama that entertained the nation.
SELECTED SHORT SUBJECTS

Quality Printers

Since 1862
For 68 years Gibson Brothers have held the esteem of printing buyers who believe that every printed message is a personal representative and must look the part in every respect. A phone call will bring our representative.

GIBSON Brothers, Inc.
PRINTERS
1312 Eye St. N. W.—Nat. 1237-1238

To MEN only!

NO NEED to park a "Girls Keep Out" at the top of this advertisement. They'll shy off quick enough when they find out what it's about.

For it's a strictly masculine privilege—solace, satisfaction, retreat, call it what you will—the joy of smoking a pipe!

It's the smoke "for men only," any girl will agree—one of the few rights the women haven't crowded us on. And the only smoke for men, many a thoughtful smoker calls it. For the deep consolation and rare comradeship of a mellow, richly aged pipe are something every man does well to know.

And you taste the rich satisfaction of pipe smoking at its best when you fill up your bowl with Edgeworth. There's a tobacco that's made for a pipe. Cool, dry, slow-burning. Blended of fine, mellow, full-flavored burleys.

You've a rare smoke coming if you've never tried Edgeworth. You will find Edgeworth at your tobacco dealer's. Or send for special free sample packet. If you wish. Address Larus & Bro. Co., 105 S. 22d St., Richmond, Virginia.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old buds, with its natural flavor enhanced by Edgeworth's distinctive and exclusive elevating process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes, 15¢ packet package to \$1.50 pound humidifier tin.



Library Lectures for April

The Library announces the following schedule of lectures at the University:

April 5—Work of the Reference Department, Miss Emma Hance, head of the reference department.

April 12—Work of the Circulation Department, Miss Grace B. Finney, director of the circulation department.

April 19—Library Publicity and Extension Activities, Miss Mathilde D. Williams, supervisor of extension work.

April 26—Library Budget, Miss Clara W. Herbert, assistant librarian.

the band, as well as by the Student Council. The sale of tickets is limited to 200. Everyone is invited and the Council assures a good time.

Students returning from their Easter holidays attack their studies with renewed vigor, but invariably are two weeks of spring have passed, their enthusiasm is considerably spent. The Council has selected this date for its All-University dance to afford an outlet for just such pent-up energy.

Catholic Federation Will Convene Here

Newman Club to Be Host for Annual Convention at Mayflower Hotel

The Newman Club of the University will be host for the seventeenth annual convention of the Middle Atlantic Province of the Federation of Catholic Clubs, which will be held at the Mayflower Hotel April 29, 30, and May 1. Provost William Allen Wilbur will give the welcoming address to the visiting delegates. Joseph O'Connor, past president and recent graduate of the University Law School, will be the presiding chairman.

This will be the first time the organization has ever met in Washington. More than 200 delegates will assemble as representatives of the 21 Catholic clubs from colleges and universities in the Middle Atlantic States. A formal reception and ball in the Chinese room of the Mayflower is among the festivities scheduled, with visits to Mt. Vernon and to the Franciscan Monastery at Brookland on the program as well as other features of historic value in connection with the George Washington Bicentennial celebration.

The convention will close on Sunday, May 1, with a Corporate Communion Mass at St. Patrick's Church, which will be celebrated by the Rev. Dr. John Keating Cartwright, chaplain of the Newman Club of the University.

Following the mass, breakfast will be served at the Mayflower Hotel, at which the convention will be addressed by Maj. Gen. Paul B. Malone, commanding general of the Third Corps Area of the United States Army.

Evelyn Kerr Elected Women's Rifle Head

New Captain Makes Varsity Team Two Years; Holds Major Letter

Evelyn Kerr was elected captain of the University Women's Rifle team to succeed this year's captain, Virginia Sheffield, on Tuesday, March 22. This is Evelyn's second year as a member of the varsity. She chose rifle as her major sport in her freshman year and went out for it without previous experience. Soon acknowledged as a steady shooter, she made varsity in her sophomore year and in this capacity received her major letter. The following year she was awarded a star.

The manager is to be appointed by Miss Ruth Atwell and the board of physical education directors through the cooperation of rifle coach, Helen Taylor.

The Hay-Adams House

16th and H Sts. N. W.

Invites all G. W. U. fraternities, sororities, clubs and societies to hold their business or social meetings at the hotel. Beautiful drawing rooms set aside for the purpose without charge.

Nathan Sirod, Manager

Six in Graduating Class to Compete For Davis Award

Contestants to Present Speeches April 7 at University Assembly

Six seniors will compete in the Davis Prize Speaking test Thursday evening, April 7, at 8 p. m., at an All-University Assembly in Corcoran 10. This annual contest, open only to members of the graduating classes, carries awards of \$15 for first place, \$10 for second, and \$5 for third.

The contestants who will present their speeches, submitted previously in manuscript form, are Catharine Birch, Hilda Hayes, Bertha Kuffman, Francis Kirkham, Israel Silverman, and Clifford Stearns. The judges who will select from among these students the most able speaker, are Dean William C. Van Vleck of the Law School, Professor Elmer Louis Kayser, and Professor Willard Hayes Yeager.

In the 85 years since its inception in 1847, by the Honorable Isaac Davis, the competition has always aroused keen interest among the members of the graduating classes in the University. Many prominent Washington men have been recipients of the award, among them, Mr. A. T. Stuart, winner in 1889, for whom the Stuart Junior High School is named, Dean Van Vleck, and Professor Kayser.

Student Council Will Sponsor Carnival to Raise Band Funds

(Continued from Page 1)
of every kind get in touch with one of the above members and go on record for some stunt or show. In order to avoid duplication, the first groups selecting stunts will naturally be given preference.
Malik stated: "The Band is behind this Carnival from the word 'Go,' and will put every effort into making it a big success. We hope that every group represented at George Washington will in some way contribute towards making it a real All-University Carnival."
(Continued from Page 3)

Women Receive Winter Sports Letters at Annual Banquet

Lois Corea, Evelyn Kerr, Virginia Sheffield, Carolyn Seibert, Ruth White, Grace White, and Ruth Schmidt; and minor letters by Virginia Dillman, Emera Johnson, Leah MacArthur, Naomi Myers, and Myrta Williams. Class numerals were awarded to Margaret Claxton, Beatrice Coleman, Letha de Shazo, Edythe Mitchell, Annabelle McCullough, and Pauline Schaub.

Announcements

Wednesday, April 6
Baptist Student Union Meeting—7 p. m., Lambie House.

Drama Appreciation Club—8 p. m., Lambie House.

Alpha Lambda Delta—7:10 p. m., Lambie House.

W. A. A. Board—12 noon, Building R, second floor.

A. S. M. E.—8 p. m. W 21. Harvey Boltwood, local chairman, will be present.

Thursday, April 7
Orchestra—7:30 p. m., Building R, second floor.

Friday, April 8
Symphony Club—12:10 p. m., Lambie House.

Art Appreciation Club—8 p. m., Lambie House.

Philippian Club—Building W, Room 24.

Sunday, April 10
Young People's Society—7:30 p. m., Parish Hall. Dean Wilbur will speak.

Monday, April 11
Intramural Board—12 noon, Building R, second floor.

Tuesday, April 12
Luther Club—8:15 p. m., Luther Place Memorial Church.

Student Council Dollar Dance, Corcoran Hall, 9:30-12:30.

Positions of managers of soccer, hockey, basketball, publicity, and intramurals are now open to members of the Women's Athletic Association. Applications should be filed immediately with Miss Atwell in Building R.

The Luncheon Management class of the Home Economics Department will serve a cafeteria luncheon Thursday, April 7, from 11:30 to 1:00 o'clock in room 13 of Building C. All students are invited.

Vallees Attend Sigma Alpha Epsilon's Dance Saturday Night; Rudy Entertains

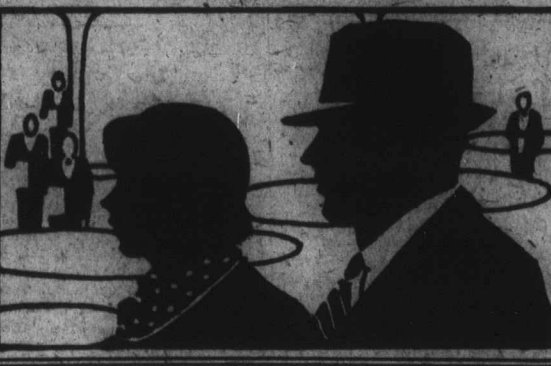
By KATHRYN V. DILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Vallees were guests of honor at a formal dance given by the Washington City Rho chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon on Saturday, March 26.

The announcement was made early in the evening that Vallees and his bride would arrive about 12 o'clock, and it was requested that he be treated like one of the brothers and not as a celebrity.

The guests arrived shortly after midnight and in spite of the request were almost crushed by eager admirers of the groomer. Mr. Vallees asked that no one cut on him as it was the first fraternity dance that his wife and he had ever attended together.

:-: Society :-:



Nearly every social group on the campus vied with one another in celebrating the Easter vacation during the past week. Fraternity dances, sorority parties, and social gatherings of many kinds kept the "400" of George Washington in a perpetual state of enjoying one event and anticipating the next.

Sigma Kappa gave its annual Easter dance at Bethesda Women's Club on Wednesday, March 30.

Chi Omega announces the formal pledging of Marie O'Brien.

Pi Beta Phi sponsored its annual Easter dance at Corcoran Hall on Monday, March 28, for the benefit of their settlement school.

Kappa Sigma Entertains At Easter Dance

Kappa Sigma entertained the actives, the pledges, and their friends at an Easter dance on March 29.

Delta Zeta held a benefit bridge party Tuesday evening, March 22, at the Lambie House.

Sigma Nu announces the formal pledging of George I. Drury.

Kappa Kappa Gamma announces the formal initiation on Monday, March 21, of Lois Buckman, Jane Caskey, Amanda Chittum, Jane Crea, Frances Douglass, Adele Merriam, Margaret McReynolds, Ruth Molyneux, Betty McGowan, Jane Stein, Helen Sherfy, Jane Rhoades, and Kathryn Wessels.

Jerry Whitaker entertained the Delta Zeta actives and pledges at bridge at her home on Tuesday, March 29.

A. D. P. P. Mother's Club Gives Miscellaneous Shower for Active Chapter.

The Mother's Club of Alpha Delta Pi entertained the active chapter at a miscellaneous shower and tea in the rooms on Friday, April 1.

Pi Beta Phi announces the affiliation of Catherine Crane and Jane Lilly.

Betty Brown entertained the Delta Zeta actives and pledges at a bridge luncheon at her home, Thursday, March 31.

Delta Theta Phi gave a dance at the Hay-Adams House on Saturday, March 26. The Silver Crescent Orchestra furnished the music.

Sigma Kappa announces the recent pledging of Pat May and Mildred Battle.

Pi Phi Alumnae Advisory Committee Hostesses to Pledges at Bridge

The Alumnae Advisory Committee of Pi Beta Phi was hostess to the pledges at a bridge tea at the home of Mrs. George Ober, Wednesday, March 30.

Dagmoir furnished the music when Chi Omega gave its Easter formal at Kenwood Country Club on Tuesday, March 29.

Sigma Theta Delta gave a supper dance at Wardman for its pledges on Wednesday, March 30.

McWilliam's Orchestra Plays At Sigma Nu Easter Dance

Sigma Nu entertained the actives, pledges, and many friends at its Easter dance on Thursday, March 31. McWilliam's Orchestra furnished the music.

Alpha Pi Epsilon, honorary fraternity, sponsored a dinner for majors in the Home Economics Department on Thursday, March 24.

Corsages for the PROM

Grillbortzer FLORIST

815 13th N.A. 7816

DRESS CLOTHES RENTALS
Rinaldi
728-9-81-82 N.W.

for the Prom



... a new frock, of course ... but what? Why not have the smartest and newest thing there is ... Margot lace (embroidered cotton net) ... that fits like a dream ... and swirls about your slipper heels! Have it in all white, orchid, or beige lace with rustling tulle! Slip in different shades. The cunning little jacket has puff! \$16.50

Misses' Dresses, Fifth Floor

Minute Steak 25c

Here's an appetizing and inexpensive steak that is popular 'round the clock at the Coffee Pot. It's larger than you'd expect, and served with potatoes, rolls and butter.

May we suggest that you order it next time you come in?

Capitol Coffee Pot

1905 Pennsylvania Avenue
Always Open Always Courteous



Headquarters for

Cokes, Sandwiches
Fountain Pens
Candles
Films, Cameras
Pennants
Note Books
Brief Cases
1932 Class Rings
Prescriptions
G. W. Stationery
Memory Books
Magazines
Alarm Clocks
Novelties

And you'd be surprised how many other things you'll find on Dr. Quigley's shelves and counters ... things that other druggists don't bother to stock.

Meet your friends at

QUIGLEY'S PHARMACY

The University Hatchet

Monthly Literary Review

Vol. 28, No. 25

APRIL 5, 1932

SECTION 2

Grounded

By L. RON HUBBARD

IHAD heard a great deal about the man, as all of us had there on the China Coast with little else to think of other than another's troubles and our own, but I was not prepared for the slim, handsome fellow who stepped through the night and fog from the Custom's Jetty into the gig I had piloted from the H. M. S. Spitfire. As it was a cold night, he had drawn his navy cloak up around his throat to stave off the dampness of the Hwangpoo mist, and his correct bearing and manner of dress reminded me of a Nelson or a Frobisher rather than the murderer and coward I had come to meet.

He stepped into the cockpit of the gig and, after a hesitant moment, extended his hand toward me.

"I am Lieutenant Hampden," he said, haltingly.

"Ensign Reynolds, Sir. At your service." He seated himself on the low seat and I gave the cox'n his order. The engine began to sputter as the waves slapped at the exhaust and we moved away from the jetty.

As he made no further attempt at speech, I remarked, "I hope you will like the Spitfire, Sir. The Captain is ill at the moment, and I presume that you will have to take her up river in the morning."

"I hope I will be able to like her, Ensign." He turned his head and gazed back across the river at the receding Bund. I knew that this was his first trip to China, but he didn't seem to be looking at anything in particular. The lights of the Bund were dim and blurred with fog, but the noise of Shanghai came to us even over the spitting and gurgling of the exhaust behind us. A junk swerved by, a huge dark bulk of rotting wood. I could see her painted eye half submerged from excess cargo. I started to point out the fact to the lieutenant, but noticing his preoccupied air, I held my peace.

The Spitfire, as tasty a little ship as ever graced the fleet of His Majesty the King, lay well up the river, and as the stream slipped past and we dodged in and out among countless steamers and men-o-war, I fell to thinking on this strange new executive officer she had inherited. At the first glimpse of him, I had been forgetful of the thousands of wagging tongues which had told Shanghai of his disgrace, but now that I sat beside him and saw him in the uniform of the British Navy, I was loath to believe all those vicious tales I had heard. I suppose the uniform had a lot to do with it, for the love of service is bred deep in the sons of the academy.

I had heard of Lieutenant Hampden six months before at the start of my China cruise. The papers had been full of him and how he had won a famous racing cup for speed flying. He had been

in the Royal Air Force then, and slated for a high position in the Air Ministry. Then I heard of his crash in which his best friend had died. The details were scarce, as the papers of Shanghai find cables expensive, but there was a great deal of talk around the tea tables about the accident.



Hampden had taken his friend, Malcolm Redner, for a flight to demonstrate a new type of motor. About two thousand feet over Hanover Airport, the new machine had burst into flames, and crashed, carrying Malcolm Redner to his death. Hampden had worn a parachute, and had jumped, according to spectators, several seconds before the plane had exploded in the air. Redner, it was said, had not worn a parachute. Then someone had discovered that there was a girl involved. Sheila was her name. Rumor had it that Sheila had been divided in her attentions between Hampden and Redner. There was a court-martial, and an acquittal, but his flight orders were cancelled, and an uncle in Parliament had secured a transfer from the R. A. F. into the Navy for Hampden. That was the story I had been hearing for months, and now here was the

same Hampden sitting quietly beside me, staring out over the Hwangpoo. I found myself wondering how such a fine figure of a man could become branded with the names "Coward" and "Murderer."

He must have guessed what I was thinking, for he turned to me and said, "Then you know all about it?"

I stammered for a moment and cursed my lack of wit. "Only one side, Sir," I finally got out, "but I hope it isn't the truth."

"Thank you, Ensign. Is this the Spitfire on the right?"

The gig thumped against the gangway, letting us step onto the stage. Hampden let me lead the way up the ladder. He waited on the deck while I went to inquire whether the Captain would see him. But the Captain was asleep, and I showed Hampden to the Exec's cabin, so lately vacated by Snyder, who had died upriver. The Lieutenant swung his cape from his shoulders across the transom, and for a moment I felt resentment. Snyder's cape had been there all wet with blood and dirty water only a few days before, while Snyder breathed out his death rattle on the bunk. Snyder had been a mighty fine chap, a fighter, and a friend of whom anyone might well be proud. That cape of Hampden's was symbolic of the change. One of the finest men who ever trod this earth was replaced with a coward and murderer. But was Hampden all that he had been accused? I cursed myself for being a blithering idiot and showed the new Exec. where to stow his dunnage. He had very little to say that night, nor any other night, for that matter, but his eyes spoke that which was in his heart. He was lonely and tired; haggard until his eyes seemed to recede into his skull. I felt sorry for the poor devil.

I didn't get a lot of sleep that night. For one thing, I knew that we were going upriver in the morning, and upriver is the Asiatic synonym for death. But mostly I thought about Hampden. One moment an idol with a million people at his feet, and the next an outcast, a leper, shunned even by his brother officers. I tried to put myself in his place, but found my imagination incapable of the horror such a situation must carry to a man's heart. I lay there in my bunk staring at the beams which were streaked with the blue light in the passageway, a wan, handsome face with a thin scar before my eyes, until I heard the Spitfire's bell strike eight bells, four o'clock, the time for my watch, the dog.

The Hwangpoo was beautiful in the dawn. The fog of the night before had again been swallowed by the muddy waters, and the brilliant sun of fall crept up over the low horizon to play and dance upon the damp roofs of Shanghai. Two miles

(Continued on Page 2)

Had a Little Dog Named Dofi

By GLADYS WRIGHT

HE little girl had been promised a dog on her next birthday—next because she'd be old enough to know how to take care of it, and because she'd be young enough to enjoy it. There was much discussion in the family as to the nationality of the promised dog. The father wanted an airedale, the mother wanted a Pomeranian, and the little girl wanted a "dog." But they were going to be sensible about it and wait until after her birthday if necessary. The little girl agreed with both of them.

On the day of her birthday the little girl and her father took a walk—just an aimless walk, no dog-buying as an ulterior motive—but on the walk they happened to pass a dog store. (It was unintentional, completely.) In the window was a tiny little white French Poodle. The little girl poked her finger at the dog. He barked and jumped up and down trying to play with the girl.

"I want him! I want him! Today's my birthday and I don't want to wait."

"Are you sure you want him? Remember he's the only one you'll get; so be sure."

"Yes. Yes. I want him."

"Shall we wait and ask mother what she thinks about it?"

"No. No. I want him."

"All right, we'll get him."

He was such a tiny little ball of fluff. He fitted right into the little girl's hand. He barked for joy a few times, licked her hand, and then curled up and went to sleep.

He was christened and named "Dofi"—this because of a verse the little girl knew:

Had a little dog named Dofi

He pus a wup.

He'll stand upon his hind fregs

If you hold his lunt fregs up.

Dofi and the little girl were very happy. She took him every place—even to school one day, and tied him up outside on the playground. Everybody admired him; her sixth grade teacher included. Every day they went for a walk twice around the block. He was so frisky everybody stopped and petted him and talked to her. She made many friends through him.

He didn't like to have a leash on him when he went out; so she didn't put one on him. Sometimes she regretted it like the time she and the dog went to get the groceries that day when mother was sick. The little girl was carrying two great big bundles, one in each arm, and the little dog was trotting along beside her. The next thing she knew he was standing with his head stuck through a grating barking at another dog that was in somebody's yard. She called him, but he couldn't get his head out, and he began to whine and wiggle. The little girl put her bundles down, carefully so as not to break the eggs in one package and the bottle of milk in the other, and pulled the dog's head loose from the grating. She spanked him, kissed him, and then put him in one of the packages—the one with the bottle of milk because he might break the eggs with his paws. He wanted to walk, not ride, but she told him to stay where he was "put," or he'd get another spanking.

Another time when mother was ill and the girl and Dofi were going for groceries, Dofi was nearly run over by a car when he chased a cat out in the street. The little girl cried, and the little dog licked her face, and then she laughed and he barked, and they finished their errand. But when they got back home she took out his leash and put it in her coat pocket and after a while he got used to it and didn't mind it at all.

As time went on the little girl wasn't so anxious to hurry home and take the dog for his walk, and since they lived in an apartment house Dofi was the one to suffer. Her mother had to almost force the girl, when she did finally come home, to take the dog out. Sometimes because of the woe-begone look of the little dog dragging around the

house, the mother used to take him with her when she went for groceries, but he was only a poodle and poodles don't have very much sense, and he didn't know her well enough to understand her commands. Neither was happy, but the little girl went her own way.

One day she was lying on her bed reading and the dog was beside her—her mother was not at home else the dog wouldn't have been on the bed. She was eating candy and the little dog snapped at her candy—he liked candy too. She slapped him so hard she knocked him right out of the bed. He landed on his back. Of course the little girl was sorry and she told him so, but before long she realized that she had really hurt



Grounded

(Continued from Page 1)

down the river lay the main section of the Bund, almost obscured by the thousands of masts which rose out of the sampan and junk anchorage. The British, American, Italian, French, and Portuguese men-o-war looked stern and clean as they swung gently to and fro, straining at their cables as though anxious to be away. Lights flashed off their highly polished brasswork, making what seemed like long strings of sparks. Sailors were busily at work holystoning the already spotless decks and aligning the perfectly kept gear. A few small boats were busy with their small commerce: brown corks prey to the swift Hwangpoo.

But even as I stood there rapt with the powerful scene, my eyes chanced to rest on a bobbing object a cable length across the stream. I focussed my glass upon it, and read there the never failing message of trouble. A headless corpse was swinging on down to the sea. Turning away from the rail, I called a messenger, instructing him to awaken the Captain. I waited for a moment and then turned to pick out the corpse again, but it was gone. The messenger touched my shoulder.

"Sir, the doctor's on duty in the Captain's cabin."

I hesitated a moment and left the bridge. The doctor met me at the head of the companionway.

"The Captain must be sent ashore immediately." The doctor's eyes rested on the executive officer's cabin door and a fleeting frown passed across his eyes. "He came aboard last night?"

"Yes."

"I don't see why they should wish a rotten beggar like him on the Spitfire."

"He seems competent."

"Well, maybe he does. But you mark my words, Ensign, he is no good. What does a flying man know about the navy?"

"He graduated from the academy five years ago. Educated for the navy."

"He should be behind bars! Disgrace to the

the dog because he couldn't walk. The mother came in and found the little girl crying with the dog on her lap. When the father came in the three of them took the dog to a veterinarian who took three x-rays, the total cost of which amounted to five dollars more than the original cost of the dog; and after the x-rays were taken he said that the dog was paralyzed and that it would be cheaper to chloroform him than to operate. They never told the little girl this—but told the doctor to operate. He did, and in two months the little dog was well and just as frisky as ever. The little girl hurried home as she used to do. Soon the dog had forgotten about his stay in the hospital, and not long after the little girl had forgotten too. Gradually she drifted back into her old habits, and gradually the dog came less and less to expect his afternoon walks. The dog was growing up; he was much too big for her to hold on her hand. In fact he was almost too large for her to hold on her lap. And the girl was growing up too. She was almost too large to lie on the floor and play with the dog.

One evening at the dinner table the mother said that the dog would have to go. The room was very quiet. The girl laid down her ear of corn and let the butter get cold and hard. Dofi must go? Where? Why?

"I met Mr. Barnes today," the mother explained, "and he asked if that white poodle was ours. I said 'yes,' and Mr. Barnes said it was one of the regulations of the apartment that dogs were not allowed. I told him we had had the dog for a long time and had had no complaint about him. He said he was sorry and that if it were himself alone to be considered he would surely let us keep him. But it was a regulation and as Manager of the building he would have to enforce it."

They took the dog to some people who lived 'way out in the country and he was very happy. Every Sunday they used to drive out to see him; and every night the little girl used to say in her prayers, "And bless Dofi and make him happy." Gradually they went to see him only every other Sunday, and then every third Sunday. And gradually the little girl stopped asking God to bless him, until she grew up and even forgot his name, which was Dofi.

Grounded

service! Will you call the gig alongside for the Captain?" The doctor turned on his heel and went back down the ladder. A second later, Hampden came out of the Exec's room. I knew by the look on his face that he had heard every word of the conversation. But he was too much of a gentleman to say anything about it. Instead he walked up to the binnacle and glanced inside at the needle. With one hand on the helm he turned and looked at me.

"Then that means you and I are going upriver together. Will you ask the Captain for his keys before they take him ashore? I imagine we'd find it rather hard to get into the chart room lockers without them." He smiled with his mouth. Cold misery was tugging at his eyes.

We weighed anchor at six bells after taking a native pilot aboard and set the course downriver to the junction of the Yangtze and the Hwangpoo. For an hour we plugged along at fifteen knots past the green banks of the turbulent stream, past the squalid huts which housed their dozens of families, until finally we swung into the channel of the wide Yangtze. In appearance the world was peaceful. Picturesque junks were plying their unwieldy oars with and against the current, and although we narrowly missed several of them as they darted unexpectedly across our bow to foil the river devils, there was a laziness all about which seemed to drug one's senses against the not far-distant danger.

(Continued on Page 3)

The Story of a Queer Small Boy

A Glimpse in the Early Life of Charles Dickens

By BURTON HOLCOMBE

PERHAPS the greatest influence on the writings of Charles Dickens was his experiences when he was a boy. It is true that every man is vitally and materially affected by his boyhood. But the boyhood of Charles Dickens was unusually fruitful for from it he derived, not only many of the characters which he later used in his fiction, but much of the atmosphere. Aside from his *David Copperfield*, which is generally conceded—and he admits it himself—to be the true history of his own boyhood, there are many other of his books which bear evidence of keen youthful observation. Many of the people in both *Oliver Twist* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* are but thinly veiled portraits of some of his early acquaintances. His landlady became *Mrs. Pipchin* in *Dombey and Son* and the headmaster at Wellington is said to be the original of *Mr. Creakle* in *David Copperfield*.

He describes himself as a "very queer small boy" and his lifelong friend and biographer, Forster, describes him as a "very sickly boy." He was never entirely well during his youth and was subject to violent attacks of stomach trouble. He was not able to join in the games which so delighted the average English boy of that time but was forced to confine himself to reading as a pastime. His father had an excellent, although very small, library which included the ever alluring *Arabian Nights*.

His education was obtained through his mother who taught him the rudiments of English and Latin. Her teaching and his own avidness for books were his two most reliable sources of knowledge. From his eager penchant for reading automatically evolved his first boyish compositions with which he entertained his family and friends and, we suspect, himself. But writing was not his only talent. Perched on a chair or table he rendered, with more vigor, perhaps, than artistry, gay spicy little songs which delighted his audiences.

Life was not to be all song for Charles Dickens. His father, John Dickens, had many virtues and one outstanding fault: he was extravagant. His financial entanglements were leading him nearer and nearer to the debtors' prison. His family was forced to move from one poor tenement to another just a little more squalid and sordid. His children were withdrawn from school and every effort was made to avert the approaching disaster. Young Dickens, although only nine years old, appreciated and was much affected by the sad state of the family coffers.

At last the time came—it was inevitable—when John Dickens was arrested and placed in Marshalsea, a prison for debtors. For a time, he managed to support his family outside the jail, but finally they, too, were forced to join him. Mother Dickens took her little brood of four to Marshalsea while her son looked on with swollen eyes. Charles had been given employment by a cousin and a sister, Fanny, had won an appointment to the Royal Academy of Music.

At first it was understood that Charles was to be given some learning during his spare time but this promise was hastily forgotten by his kind cousin. At first he was placed on the well-lighted, clean street floor but he was soon relegated to the basement where he joined numerous other boys in wrapping and labeling blacking bottles. The basement was a dark, filthy hole where rats swarmed and dust gathered.

Lacking the facile complacency of age, which often adjusts itself all too quickly to misfortune, young Dickens soon lost faith in his father who was, after all, probably doing the best he could under the circumstances. For Charles Dickens the end of the world had come. He had abandoned himself bitterly to lifelong poverty and misery.

He was always partially starved, always inadequately clothed, always desperately hoping, with nothing, seemingly, to hope for. For him all the light and gaiety of the world had suddenly been stifled by black despair and disillusionment. He was, it must be remembered, only a "very queer small boy."

He had found himself a little garret which was just barely large enough for him. It was a squalid, wretched affair but he took immense pride in it. His only friend in the warehouse was one Bob Fagin, whose name later fastened itself to a notoriously ruthless and mercenary old villain in *Oliver Twist*. One day Dickens had an agonizing attack of his old stomach trouble. He rolled on the rough warehouse floor in his utter misery and suffering. Bob Fagin nursed him tenderly all day, placing blacking bottles filled with hot water against him. Not content with having restored his friend to normalcy, Fagin was insistent on escorting him home. On this particular evening the boy had planned to visit his father in prison. He had never told any one about his father's imprisonment. It was something he nursed, with a sort of sacred bitterness, secretly in his own heart.

However, he started out with Bob, hoping that some avenue of escape would open to him. But they kept getting nearer and nearer and still his friend clung to his arm. At last, in desperation, Dickens ran up the steps of a strange house and knocked brusquely on the door. Bob Fagin, satisfied that he had brought his friend safely home, ran around the corner just as the lady of the house opened the door. Dickens, being unable to think of anything else, asked her politely if a Mr. Robert Fagin lived there. The lady replied gruffly that she had never heard of the gentleman and closed the door, leaving Dickens to heave a great sigh of relief at the success of his hastily conceived plan.

John Dickens must have been born under a lucky star. While he was languishing in prison, he had inherited a small fortune from a relative. This money was paid into court and the Dickens family found themselves, one more, on their feet. About the same time, Mr. Dickens had a quarrel with the cousin who had given Charles employment, and the boy was summarily discharged. Mrs. Dickens, who had been largely responsible for what education her son had, was strangely eager to have the difference settled amicably in order that her son might return to the factory. Dickens, *per se*, became suddenly anxious that his son should be further educated and insisted that Charles be placed in school.

Thus it was that Charles Dickens, at the age of twelve, resumed his schooling and began, for the first time in his life, to be a regular boy. His father, having obtained work as a court reporter for a London newspaper, the family finances were stable. While in Wellington Academy, the boy began to write stories and plays which he circulated for the benefit of his fellows and which met with striking popularity. For even in those days he showed marked ability at clever character delineation.

He also became prominent in amateur theatricals and his histrionic ability won him a place as a leader among the budding Thespians of Wellington. But the actors did not confine themselves entirely to the stage. We find Dickens the ring leader of a group of boys who proved very disconcerting to gullible old ladies who found themselves suddenly surrounded by a clamouring mass of small masculine humanity demanding alms. The boys derived more amusement from haughty spinsters who refused their entreaties than they did from those gentle matrons who murmured the ancient version of that old adage about how boys will be boys and succumbed to their wiles.

He remained in the academy for two years, leaving at fourteen to become clerk to an attorney who describes his employee as a "bright,

clever-looking lad." He also began to study shorthand which he found more difficult than he had at first imagined it to be. At nineteen, however, he was sufficiently adept to be accepted, as a court reporter, on the *True Sun*. He soon became more efficient than his father who had now settled down to tranquil, content old age, having an excellent income and several promising children.

With great secretiveness, Charles Dickens wrote his first sketch and sent it to a London journal. To his great surprise and infinite delight, it was accepted. Thus encouraged, he wrote nine others which met with equal success. The eighth of these bore the now famous signature: "Boz." The popularity of "Boz" steadily increased and Dickens began his *Pickwick Papers*. With the publication of the first of these papers his position in the field of literature was definitely established and he found himself a very promising and enviable young writer at twenty-four.

The incidents which, during his boyhood, had loomed as irrevocable tragedy, became, in his writings, amusing and entertaining. But the humour was generously mixed with pathos. He saw, through enlightened eyes, that Youth is impressionable and impatient. He knew that many children still lived in the London slums just as he had lived—in misery and poverty—with no means of escape. All men have something of the humanitarian in them and had the Londoner but fully realized the conditions which prevailed among his less fortunate neighbors, things might have been very different. The average thinking Britisher had no conception of conditions among the poor. It was a different world—strange, unreal and fantastic—something you read about in books. But to Dickens it was real because he had lived it. He has made it so real in his literary works that thousands of others have lived it with him!

Grounded

(Continued from Page 2)

His Majesty's ship, *Spitfire*, one of many small river gunboats, her stack riddled with small caliber bullets, her hull dented by more than one high-powered shell, had duties to perform. Her patrol of the river made it safe for the abundant commerce which fed and clothed both Shanghai and China. Men were lying in wait for us up there in the gorges. Dirty yellow men with oddly assorted rifles and uniforms, equipped surprisingly well with light artillery and modern machine guns. In fact, on our last trip, a *bos'n* had been struck by a bullet from a machine gun of the latest American make. How these modern arms are brought to the brigands is one of our greatest problems.

Lieutenant Hampden, now Captain, asked me many questions about these "skirmishes" which plagued the gunboats of six nations, and it seemed to me that he stressed the number of casualties a little more than was necessary. I told him about Snyder, and though it might have been my imagination, I could almost have sworn I saw him shudder. One morning as we sailed up this yellow ribbon of water, I pointed out several of the more conspicuous holes in the stack and began to describe their source. After I had talked a few minutes, I turned to discover that the Captain had walked forward and was just entering his cabin.

The effect of his presence was even noticeable in the attitude of the men. They had, of course, heard about Hampden in every grog shop in Shanghai. They seemed a little slow in action when executing his commands, and more than once I heard them growl. But they were trained British sailors, and their Captain's word was law, just as a skipper's word has been law from

(Continued on Page 4)

"One Man's Opinion"

By MATTHEW A. MCKAVITT



NE man's opinion is as good as another's." No doubt you have heard that statement sometime in your life. We have observed two people discussing some subject in an easy and friendly manner until one of them refutes the other's assertion, whereupon the one contravened instantly denies the other's declaration. From this dangerous point, in what has now become an argument, the atmosphere is charged with wordy pyrotechnics. The spirit of disagreement marches on! Statements are rapidly made and rapidly denied. Frequently the issue is obfuscated and uncompromising ego refuses to agree with remarks which ordinarily would be compatible with even cherished beliefs. Not only have ideas clashed but personalities have shouldered the rifle of heated, useless argument. Finally, in despair of winning his adversary over to his conviction, one of the parties closes the verbal duel with that absurd remark, which has cooled, momentarily, many a fiery brow: "Of course, one man's opinion is as good as another's." The attending conciliatory tone of voice is supposed to be somewhat of a backhanded compliment and at the same time the manifestation of a truce. It is a rare case when the martial clouds do not dissipate, when the perturbed warriors do not quickly slip away from the scene of battle; but, not before they guardedly utter a few diplomatic, stock phrases purporting to wish each other health and prosperity. It is true that fervent wishes for a rapid descent into the infernal regions have often been exchanged in lieu of tactful good will expressions. Usually, however, they depart—each wishing he had never permitted himself to be drawn into argument on such a subject especially with that particular individual—so biased and nervous-minded!

In more than half of similar situations neither party has actually expended much brain activity on the debated question. As a matter of fact tons of paper, billions of words and much precious time have been squandered by unthinking people who insist on giving an opinion at a moment's notice. These opinions are generally feebly supported by a modicum of thought and actual investigation. It is a known fact that many otherwise intelligent students shun the informative articles in our worth while magazines preferring, the loose journalistic comment of inferior writers. Many voices would be heard less frequently (and what blessing that would be) if more conscientious thought and study preceded the utterance. Of course many original ideas resulting from this rapid-thinking process often make a work-a-day world gay and bright. We have heard some quite brilliant and some astoundingly stupid comments made by this "trigger brain" variety of homo sapiens. We do appreciate their originality though we may not value their opinion. In speaking of originality we should not fail to mention that more or less common species of plagiarist who always has an opinion—but one stolen from some periodical, book or the radio. It is offered, without the slightest indication of guilt, as his own, personal opinion. Rarely will this type of filcher give credit to the real source of authority. He casts aside the good impression springing from the acknowledgment of authority. As a rule reference to a merely mediocre source bears more weight than the average person's opinion. The observing individual, nevertheless, if he knows the speaker at all, can estimate about how many of the other's statements are original.

Webster's Dictionary states that an opinion is a "belief stronger than impression, less strong than positive knowledge . . . a conviction founded on probable evidence." Too many people fail to go beyond the stage of mere impression. This is more true of some of our high-strung, fast-moving young moderns who want short novels and di-

gested magazine articles. This frenzied age is not conducive to that serenity of mind which is the product of meditation and reflection. Walt Whitman has said that "the reservoirs of silence lie far above the reservoirs of thought." If this be true, more people, by correct thinking and reflection, would not only attain sound opinions but would evoke undreamed of revelations of far more value. But we know that a great many of the eternally busy multitude do not stop to ask themselves how they are meeting the demands of Life, much less try to form sound judgments.

Sound judgments necessitate not only logical thinking but knowledge, good taste, experience and a sense of values. Of course what some persons call their opinions might be more aptly termed their "pet prejudices" or their "pet delusions." If it is your misfortune often to meet this type of the great opinionated it is well to practice the gentle art of "changing the subject." He is so dead certain of the rectitude of his views that discussion is impossible. Naturally there are some judgments that centuries of world experience have left undebatable. Everyone cannot know or even hope to learn this wisdom but we can learn much of it. We cannot criticize the man or woman who has set up his or her philosophy on this wisdom with an eye to progress and Truth. But the possessor of an immature mind who imposes on good nature by carelessly hurling rash and impulsive statements at his hearers should be taught, early in life, to think somewhat on a subject before speaking. Early training, if sound, will not only help one to think straight but also to be slow in believing everything heard or read. Classroom discussions are veritable revelations sometimes. The student who has been taught how to think, although he may not always be able to guess what is wanted because of a poorly constructed question, demonstrates by his answers that he has a knowledge of logic. The "hem and haw" student, generally speaking, does not know how to think. His is the undeveloped brain. Many of our daily newspapers carry on their staffs just such immature minds. Although the newspaper office is the home of snap judgments yet no excuse can be offered for their sponsorship of the shallow opinions of cheap columnists. Unsound theories are in vogue. In many respects we live in a cheap age, as is evidenced by the flood of inane literature. It is responsible for that breed of literary mongrel—the writer whose sense of the true values is considerably warped. The thinking man has arrived at that point where he refuses to read certain contributions to the great republic of letters. We can only pray for sound methods of education; an education, by the way, that will teach students to appreciate as well as analyze *ad nauseam*, and which will lift the murky veil of sensational and crude opinions—at least that is what we think—you may not agree but, you know: "One man's opinion is as good as another's!"

Grounded

(Continued from Page 3)

the beginning of the era when Britannica began to rule the waves. He was my superior officer as well as theirs, and for that reason, I gave him every courtesy due a ship's master. He did not seek my company very often, but when he did, it seemed he wanted to talk about the ship or China's puzzling politics. Never did I hear him mention women or England. He ate but little, a cup of black coffee serving as breakfast, a sandwich and a cup of strong tea, his tiffin. I guessed, too, that he slept but little. One morning, early I passed his room and noticed that his bed was still undisturbed. Another thing caught my attention.

On his locker top there was a picture of a beautiful woman. Her hair was black and her eyelashes long and curving. The picture was a scant three feet away, but I stepped over the jamb and read the inscription, "Love forever, Sheila." I heard a footstep behind me, and turned to stare into the troubled eyes of Hampden.

I expected him to strike me, but his mouth relaxed, and he spoke in a slow voice. "Beautiful, isn't she." I stammered something foolish, but he didn't seem to notice. His eyes were turned inward, "Love—forever." He brushed past me and turned the face of the picture down on the hard metal of the locker.

I scarcely saw him at all during the next few days, except, of course, as we relieved each other on watch. We were standing eight on and eight off, and the strain was beginning to tell. Hampden's eyes grew more sunken, and his face was whiter, if possible, than ever. Murderer and coward! Deserted his friend whom he might have saved. Tired as I was, I often inanely wondered what he would do if I should suddenly hurl those words at his face.

We were entering the gorges above Ki. Day after day had passed almost without incident. We had seen a column of infantry marching peaceably along the shore, and another headless corpse had sped past on its way to the sea, but the closer we came to the danger country, the less we saw of importance. The vigil aboard was beginning to slacken a little. Hampden either didn't notice or didn't care, and I was only an Ensign even though I was acting in the capacity of Exec. The men had been through too many engagements, and the knife edge of their keenness had been a little dulled.

But with those tall gorges looking ahead, I began to anticipate trouble. Things were too serene. It was like a calm before a typhoon. The silence was brittle. All morning long, I hadn't seen a single merchant boat. It was not unusual, but at this time it seemed to possess significance.

I was on the bridge writing in the log when it happened. There was the slow scream of a shell turning over and over. The scream became the rumble of a freight train and a huge geyser of yellow water shot up over our stern. A puff of smoke hung in the motionless air at the base of a gorge cliff. The range was less than five hundred yards. The shore was even closer. In less time than I could lay down my pen, the hideous clatter of rifle fire burst from the foliage of the bank. My hand went up to the switch, and in a second the huge alarm bell on the bridge was clanging "Quarters!" There was a scurry of feet on the deck as fifty men rushed to their posts. Our machine guns began to rattle. I could see the leaves being stripped from the shrubs on shore. Nowhere did I see Captain Hampden.

I rushed down to his cabin, but even as I touched the door, it opened and he shoved me aside. Buckling on his saber as he ran, he bounded up toward the bridge. One hand caught at the railing. I saw him stiffen. Gray paint flecked off the bulwark at his side. Small holes appeared in the back of his blue coat. His waist bent at a crazy angle and he slumped to the deck.

"Ensign," he shouted, "Ensign! Get on the bridge! Send me two men!"

I vaulted over his form and jumped up the ladder. Our machine guns were silent. Up forward three men were struggling to swing open the breech of a five-inch. One of them coughed and fell across the stanchion and down into the muddy water. Other men were milling about on the deck. I bawled at them, sent three of them to the machine guns, and two back to Hampden. The pilot was killed. The helm spun and the Spitfire yawed helplessly. A shudder ran through her as her bow grounded on a sand bar. Her propellers whirled madly. We were aground in the face of a withering fire. Two men were bringing Hampden onto the deck. He cried for a chair

(Continued on Page 6)

Snowbound

By ELIZABETH NEYMAN



ALL day the balls of snow had caught below the fences and sought shelter amid the dark-armed pine trees. They fell in a leisurely way against the window where Rosalie pressed a flattened white nose, and made breaths that spread like wings beyond her rosy cheeks. She traced a wobbly "R" for Rosalie in a breath cloud, and screwed the curtain around and around until Elsa told Mother. Then she had to smooth it out very carefully and come away from the cold glass and the dark pines that had babies of snow in their arms.

Elsa was playing a waltz. It was fun to go around the big circle of flowers in the rug to the time of the music, around and around until finally one had to stop and close one's eyes so that the flowers would stop waving.

Grandma dozed by the hardcoal burner. Her hand caught in her glasses and pulled them to the end of her nose. Her mouth fell open and her false teeth slid forward. She started as her head drooped too low.

The dark was coming early tonight. It seemed to hide in the pine trees and then creep down the trunks to the snow, across the snow and up the house where it hung dark veils before the windows. The hard coal stove threw a light upon the walls. It made pools of color on the surface of the piano. Grandma's glasses caught the gleams, and Rosalie thought of the red-eyed worms that crawled about in her dreams when she had eaten too much pop-corn. She hid behind the stove.

Mother watched by the dining-room window. She could scarcely see the telephone post down at the corner. Father and John must come soon or not at all.

Before the horse and buggy appeared, the fire in the kitchen range was started and the tea-kettle was singing. "Zumm-mm, it's snowing hard tonight. Zumm-mm, soon the snow will pile high about our house, and we shall sit like a huge white egg in a whiter nest. Zumm-mm, puff, puff."

No one listened. They were too intent on the horse and buggy breaking through the snow to the house. Elsa's cheeks held two spots of color. John was coming, John and Father. And anyone could see that John would have to stay. Here, in their house, for no one knew how long. When she awoke in the mornings she would rush to close the window and dress. She would wear her pink apron with the white ruffles. No, she'd wear the blue one. No, the pink, or rather, the blue. John would see her turning the toast in the oven, the fire making splotches of color on her cheeks and neck. How she loved the snow!

"Elsa, Elsa! Where's my scarf? I'm cold."

"Just a moment, Grandma. I'll get it," sang Elsa from the chilly hall, her feet fairly pounding the stairs.

Elsa polished the apples for the bowl until each held a vivid reflection of the light from the tall red candles. How long did it take to tend to a horse, and shovel a path through the snow from the barn to the house? The other salt and pepper shakers would look better with the red candles. She caught sight of herself in the sideboard mirror. If she hurried she could comb her hair in the new way with a small curl at the right of the low coil.

The cold ivory of the comb numbed her fingers as Elsa dressed her hair. Yes, she was pretty. She wondered if John had ever noticed how black her eyes were when she was excited. Putting her cheek against the mirror she looked sideways at her nose and forehead. Her breath steamed the image to unreality. "Sweet!" she said into the mist, and hurried down the stairs, shivering as the warmth crept through her clothing.

Such a stomping and brushing as went on out there on the back porch. Rosalie stood on tip-

toe by the window of the kitchen door and knocked on the glass. Father waved and Rosalie displayed a grave lack of teeth.

"Well, Mother, we're here. Mighty deep snow. John can't go back. Guess we'll have to keep him. Think we can stand him, Elsa?"

John and Elsa blushed. It was mean of Father to poke fun at them that way.

"Supper will be ready shortly," said Mother. "You'll want to wash up. Father, you can show John around."

Grandma had to be roused again when supper was ready. Rosalie, looking up during the blessing, saw John and Elsa smiling at each other, but Mother and Father couldn't see them because they had their heads bowed. Funny way to smile, thought Rosalie, as she looked down at her plate.



When Grandma spilled her cambric tea, Rosalie had to run for a towel. She was sorry that it happened because Grandma whimpered a bit, and she did not like to have Grandma feel bad. Mother, Father, John, and Elsa talked of the meeting of the afternoon, of how nice it was to have John there, of how high the snow would be by morning, and many other things that Rosalie could not understand at all. Father told jokes. Rosalie laughed and laughed at the end of each one. That was what one always did when someone told jokes.

"Mother, Elsa isn't eating her potatoes. You said that potatoes—"

"Hush, Rosalie. Here, drink your milk like a good child."

And the snow crept up and up, and the white balls fell faster and faster. The wind was blowing them against the glass. Rosalie, watching them appear and fade away against the black outdoors, almost spilled her milk.

Mother and Elsa cleared the table. John, poking an unaccustomed nose into the kitchen asked to dry the dishes. Mother wasn't sure, but his smile settled it. The kitchen door swung closed.

"See me, Grandma, see me."

Rosalie pushed her chubby self through the opening beneath the large footstool. She looked triumphantly up at the old woman, but she was gazing into the fire.

"But, Grandma," aggrievedly, "you didn't see me be Santa Claus. Look, look! Now I'll do it again."

But Grandma never remembered long enough to watch. There was something in the fire she must see.

Rosalie built castles of her blocks. Mother and Father talked of such funny things. Elsa and John played checkers. Rosalie yawned.

"I want to go to bed," whimpered Grandma.

Rosalie wasn't sleepy. She'd play Santa Claus for John and Father while Grandma was being put to bed. But they would not watch, and it was no fun to play if no one were watching.

The floor behind the stove was warm. Rosalie could listen to the wind sucking the flames up the chimney. She saw the wind with cold blue eyes laughing at her as he sucked the black smoke far into himself. He was laughing softly. He reached a hand down and touched her face. She shivered and turned her face to the wall. Then he blew upon the back of her neck. So cold! She covered her neck with her hands. The wind picked her up. His arms made her shiver and cry. Up, up, up. Now he tossed her up and down, back and forth. Rosalie cried some more.

"Hush!" said the wind as he poked her in between two fuzzy, cold clouds.

"Goodnight," said Mother. Her soft pink lips made a warm spot on Rosalie's forehead.

Elsa lay half wakened, feeling one with the warmth in which she lay. The softness of the pillow drugged her. She slowly moved her cheek back and forth over the linen. Rosalie's small body curled in a hot circle against her back. Rosalie was probably dreaming of bears and dolls, and all sorts of little-girl things. Elsa recalled such dreams. She thought of her first remembered dream, when little midgets had chased her from a big hall, and she had run into a room and closed the door, hold it with all her might while the tiny men had battered and pushed to get it open. Such a funny dream. Silly.

The warmth of the covers became arms about her, arms that held her tenderly, arms that loved her. She pushed her head into a waiting shoulder. She was weak and melting and happy. Someone was kissing her forehead. She put up her arms to touch the brown hair that turned back so abruptly. The movement of her arms roused her. She was sorry.

Father was shaking the hard coal stove. She could hear the energetic clink of the iron, and the soft sliding sound of the coals as they slid down into place.

Her flannel gown flattened to her body as she ran to shut the window. The snow had piled almost to the tops of the fence posts. The branches of the pine trees sank into the snow about them, forming dark tents against the white world. Blue smoke curled from the kitchen chimney of the Baxter's house. Elsa felt the thrill of the whiteness and the silence. She would like to have hammered on the glass, and to have laughed idiotically for no reason at all. Cold water, yes, cold water. It pulled tiny bumps out on her arms and chest. She would wear the pink apron. John was here. John would be here for a long time. She wondered how it would seem to know that he would always be with her.

As Mother mixed the biscuit dough she frowned. This John had done something to Elsa. Of course it was to be expected that one's daughter would eventually grow up, fall in love, marry. But Elsa could not be grown up yet. Why it was only a short time before that she had picked out the biggest doll to dress for Elsa's Christmas. Not yet, surely. Let's see, how old was the child? Nineteen? Twenty? Yes, twenty. Why she herself had been in love at twenty, had been married not long after that. But girls in those days had been much older.

Mother thought of her engagement night. Paul had looked so gallant as he leaned over to kiss her black hair. Suddenly she remembered to put baking powder in the biscuit dough.

Elsa was one to marry. She would be un-

(Continued on Page 6)

Grounded

(Continued from Page 4)

and they set him in one of canvas. Blood was dripping onto the deck.

His eyes stared at the scene before him. He began to shout orders, "Give a hand on that forward gun!" He reached toward the engine room telegraph but couldn't touch the handle. "Full speed astern!" A sailor jumped to do his bidding and the Spitfire began to slide off the sand-bank. Bullets fell everywhere. They smacked against the superstructure with sledge hammer blows. "Get a crew on that machine gun!" I ran down the ladder, and a second later the gun sputtered into life. The deck was slippery. "Bos'n! See what's the matter with the quarter-deck!" Hampden was bringing order out of the chaos. "Gunner! Spray that clump of trees to the right!" The Spitfire was well out in the stream now. "Get on that helm, you!" The ship swung into the current. The five-inch rifles on the after deck began to bark. "Ensign! See to the one-pounders." Down in the well deck, I could still hear his voice above the roar of the guns. Another machine gun began to spit lead from our bridge. The firing on shore was slackening. The heavy shells had ceased to hurl water over us. A gray figure slipped out of the shrubs into the water. With a twang of wires, our antennae gave way and writhed upon the deck. I ran back to the bridge. "Swing closer to shore!" The Spitfire turned and ran in almost under the muzzles of our unseen enemy guns. "Now, give 'em hell!" Our guns were firing at point blank range. Gray forms were dropping among the trees. One of our H. E. threw geysers of dirt around a one-pounder. "Hand grenades!" Smoke started violently from the ground as A. V. B.'s began to find their marks. Then as suddenly as it had begun, it was all over.

Silence was so intense that it hurt. No one was moving on shore, for a look through my glass revealed that there was no one to move. Here and there a machine gun pointed its muzzle to the sky, its crew sprawled in gray clots in the once-green grass. The trees obscured a shambles.

Hampden's head dropped upon his chest, his body twisted half around. A wounded sailor took the helm and we turned our bow downriver.

The doctor came up to the bridge as I was laying Hampden on the deck. He gazed at the prostrate form and then knelt beside him. "No use. Back's broken in three places. Most of his ribs shot away. No use."

Hampden's eyes flickered. "You're right, Doctor. Get to work on those poor devils down below. They're worth saving." His eyes turned on me. "Hit, Ensign?" I told him "No." "Then you can take her back downriver—again. Don't take me with her. I'd—rather not be—taken there—again. Over there on shore— Good place, eh— Ensign?" His breath was rasping a little. "Doctor said—I was—a rotten—beggar. Half—the world—can't—be—wrong." His head fell forward on his chest again and a little shudder ran through his body. Thin trickles of red were finding their way into the scuppers. "Why should you hate me?" I started to answer, and then realized that he wasn't talking to me. His mind was nine thousand miles away, in England. His voice became strangely clear. "What does 'love forever' mean, Sheila?" He sighed and shuddered again, his head lolling back across my arm. "All right, Malcolm. All right. I hear you. I hear you, Malcolm Redner. Tell Sheila the truth, Malcolm. Tell her what only you and I know. Tell her, Mal, before it gets too dark. Hear him, Sheila? Hear—" He stiffened and raised his head. In his throat there was the hoarse sound I had come to know too well.

Snowbound

(Continued from Page 5)

happy alone, even with a Work. Mother did not want her girls to have a Work. It did not seem right. But was John the one to whom she could give Elsa? He would good-naturedly succeed in being a Pillar in the community. She saw Elsa in a mansion, being very elegant at the head of a table of Brilliant Guests. Her hands sparkled with jewels, as she served first this and then that to the admiring table. Mother's frown became a smile. She had read too many fairy-tales when she was young. John was good, and goodness counted. Yes, goodness counted. Father had been a good husband, even after he had forgotten how she loved to be kissed on the ear.

Elsa's quick feet sounded on the stairs.

"Good morning, Mother-mine."

"Good morning, dear. You can set the table if you will, and pour the cream into the rose pitcher."

John and Father were shoveling snow. Not that they expected to get anywhere, but it was good exercise. Rosalie watched the shovels coming up full of puffy white stuff that looked like the foam on top the buckets of skimmed milk that Father always set out for Timothy Cat. She hopped up and down, squealed, and then ran from one end of the long porch to the other until her cheeks looked as if they would burst with the warm blood that played in them. The porch railing had a thick frosting on it. She plopped her hand down, skipped a space, plopped her hand down again, and so moved to the other end of the railing. Now it looked like the edges of Mother's pies.

The Desert

By WILBUR T. McNALLAN

A land of sand and rock, sage and cacti; reaching out and out and out, to the mountains that lie beyond.

It holds you enchanted, spellbound, and enthralled with its unceasing panoramic beauty.

There is no life that toils for long across its flats, its folds, or arroyos, for the water holes are poison and the lakes are but mirages. Here and there is an old deserted cabin that once knew love and joy and hope. The erstwhile occupants are gone—to the desert that takes all life.

A silvery river slowly wends its way across the thirsty sands for a while, and then the desert wins again—it is gone.

Its colors are black and white and green, yellow and gold and amber, blended from one into the other without end.

At night the desert chill goes through you as you watch the gleaming stars. It seems an endless vigil until that first grey streak of dawn.

A score of minutes later the Eastern horizon is red; just above it is grey and in the West the stars and darkness still remain.

Then up from behind the mountains comes the Sun, and the shadows creep back across the miles and leave the Desert to that burning, scorching, withering heat—that "is the Desert," until you have known its beauty.

If you come to toil in its boundless acres for gold the price is death; if you come but to know its beauty it gives you peace and joy.

It is a masterpiece of the handiwork of God, wrought in the countless centuries of the past.

Above written on September 16 (morning) while crossing Mohave Desert, California, in Santa Fe Train.

When she ran down to where Father and John threw huge shovelfuls of the snowy foam about she could see nothing but the slick white walls of snow about her, and the inquisitive trees that bent to look after her red stocking-cap. Rosalie threw a handful of snow at John's legs, and he, dropping his shovel, caught her with his big hands and threw her, laughing, into the air. Then he pretended to throw her into the piles of snow beside the room they had dug. High up on his shoulder she rode to the house, swaying, clutching his ears, looking down into his face. But he wasn't looking at her. He was smiling that same funny smile at Elsa who stood by the front window.

Elsa played softly. Grandma dozed, glasses pulled to the bulb at the end of her nose, while Rosalie once again delighted in the glory pictures of Indian massacres vividly presented in a book of early American history.

"Oh, promise me," hummed Elsa, and felt sad and discontented. John had slept most of the afternoon on the lounge in the dining-room. Once he had snored and after that Elsa had felt very sad. But a fair young man in white ruff and velvet breeches leaned against her piano, smiling tenderly at her curling hair and blue-black eyes as she hummed and sang. She wore rings on her fingers and satin slippers on her toes. "Oh, promise me, Oh, promise me."

Rosalie slipped out of the room to find Mother. John stood in the doorway, smiling. Grandma slept on by the fire. Elsa knew that John was there, but she played on, pretending to think herself alone, fumbling a note or two, humming very softly now. She knew she looked well with her head slightly bent forward as if listening to the music in some way others could not know. When John's hands were laid on her shoulders, when she felt his lips on her hair, she was not surprised, only very happy. She felt tired, tired of keeping secrets and of making believe she did not care about him or about anything like kisses. He pressed her very close to him and said her name in a way that made tears slip from under her tightly closed eyelids.

"Could you ever love me enough to marry me, Elsa?"

"Could I ever keep from loving you and marrying you, John?"

"Oh, my dear."

The setting sun burned a deep hollow into the snow. Streaks of fire ran along the black tree-limbs. Coals fell in the stove, and Grandma stirred in her sleep. John kissed Elsa's forehead.

"Elsa, Elsa, Mother wants the table set," said Rosalie from the doorway, trying hard not to stare.

Sleighs and wagons had pounded a track past the tall white house on the hill. John and Father shoveled a way down to the road, each working with embarrassed animation. John had "spoken" to Father and Mother. Mother had cried ever so slightly while Father had coughed and looked vacantly at Elsa, blushing furiously by the window. Rosalie, watching, had thought they all looked very silly, sillier than she had ever seen them look before. Elsa, watching the men working at the path, hated herself how for feeling relieved at John's going. Wasn't he a bit awkward with his shovel?

"Goodbye, Grandma. Take good care of yourself."

"Goodbye, John. I s'pose you'll be comin' back sometime?"

They all laughed heartily at this. Too heartily, thought Elsa, and John got too red when he laughed. He sheepishly gave her their first public kiss.

The horse breathed great clouds into the crisp air, and stomped in the snow. Father helped John tuck the robes about his feet. The buggy

(Continued on Page 8)

A Box of Paints and a Bag of Gold

By PEGGY COOK



E found a blue-green door and when we entered I saw him with black hair and a black shirt and he was dancing.

"Candles flickered and wept great wax tears, until the bottles that held them became fat old Germans in white aprons.

"Painted horses galloped on the walls. A silver one, a gold one, and a purple one; fierce horses in love with the wind that tangled their manes.

"A poet began to read aloud, and the boy at the piano went out through the blue-green door, but the poet didn't know it for he was reading his poetry.

"In a corner two men played chess, and didn't hear the poet, and their coffee was cold, and someone came and carried it away. But when their game was ended they were angry for they had paid for their coffee.

"The boy came back to the piano, and the poet bent his head for they forgot his poetry and listened to the music.

"A boy and a girl danced and forgot there was a world; but a drunken woman fell against them and they remembered.

"I asked for coffee and sent my friend away through the blue-green door for cigarettes. He had found the door in the beginning and I was grateful, yet I told him to hurry. I laughed at my wickedness, but he thought I was laughing at the poet.

"I sat alone and wept with the candle, but when he stopped dancing and brought me my coffee and sat opposite me I became angry with the candle and tried to brush away its tears.

"His hair was black and his eyes were chips from the blue-green door, and so I forgot his hair.

"He asked me to come to his studio and when I said I would he left, and my friend came back with the cigarettes. He talked about steel and coal, but I told him I was tired, and he took me home."

René threw himself on the couch and stretched. He'd been painting since early morning, and then he'd tried to clean up the studio. Gold hairpins and cigarettes with little red mouths were kicked under the couch, and a black shirt peered out from under a chair like a great black cat. He would have stuffed it back all the way, but a cat is such a pleasant animal on a rainy day.

René stretched again and wondered if she'd come. Yet, when you've worked all night at the club, and painted all morning it's easier to sleep. So René slept.

First, he dreamed about a huge chocolate cake that was mostly icing, and it made him so happy he laughed aloud, but the icing turned out to be empty tubes of paint, and two tears came and chased the laugh away.

So René awoke and stretched. He wondered again if she would come, but the rain made him sleepy. He decided to dream about her.

She had yellow hair and blue eyes, but she was walking away from him, for he'd sent her home to put on a blue dress instead of a green one.

This made René restless and he kicked the couch in his sleep, for now he was afraid she wouldn't come back. But he knew she would be more beautiful in blue, and he knew the beautiful and wanted it always.

So René slept and awoke and listened and slept again.

"I was frightened when I knocked at the studio door, but it too was blue-green and so I knocked a little louder.

"I was happy though, and charmed with myself for I had on a beautiful new blue dress, and I called to him and he opened the door.

"We sat on the floor and he showed me his pictures, but he became sad when I could not understand them.

Triune

The rain and I have wandered down a slope
Of meadow, high with singing harps of grass—
The harps that answer to the strumming soft
By dripping fingers of the somber rain.
We've found a nook, the rain and I, down where
The stumbling brook is gurgling with its joy;
And there we've played at hide-and-seek, until
The rain would call upon the wind to help
The search. I was no match for them. We ran
Between the willows, keeping guard, we flew
Across the grass; the wind in glee would push
The rain's cool lips against my cheek, would toss
My scarf above my head, a symbol gay
Of all our joys—the rain, the wind, and I.

—E. NEYMAN.

In Love With Love

By P. L.

I have fallen in love with love,
and Love is a dream—
a dream to the unbeloved
and a curse to them that win.
To me, who now know Death,
love is a mocking gleam
held out by a bitter God
masquerading as sin.
We think that love is life
but love is only love—
it makes more lives to die
and doubtless up above
some vivisection-god
is pleased with his tests of man
since the loved and the unbeloved
both have an equal span.
He has given us love for love
and has warped the cunning whole
so that within this world
there is no single hope
that, each with equal love,
soul might meet with soul
that courage might cheer them a little
as down the hated slope
of infinity they wander
to pay all life's due toll . . .

Bittersweet

Songs with just a tinge of sorrow
Oft are sung again tomorrow.
Tales that blend deep joy with pain
Are the ones we read again.
Stolen kisses oft are sweet:
Love that's cloyed will seek retreat.
Too much pain will crush the bold—
Too much joy has ne'er been told.

—MATTHEW A. MCKAVITT.

"He asked me what I loved and I told him the sea. I spoke of the blue water and the white sails of ships and he forgot to be sad. And when I told him of the porpoises I'd seen playing in the sun he was happy and we sat there and laughed and wondered why we were laughing.

"Yet, when we weren't looking, little white shadows climbed up on the ceiling and slid down the walls. Then I knew it was late, and I said good-night and hurried away.

"He said that he must go, too, and light the candles before the people came.

"And he hurried away."

When Jeanne awoke she hugged the cat, and promised him two dishes of cream instead of one, for René had finished his picture.

She stretched and would have gone off to sleep again, but the cat reached over and gently reminded her of her promise, and so she had to get up.

When the cream was gone, the cat found a spot of sun on the rug and sat in it, and then Jeanne came and pushed him away and sat in it herself.

Yet, when you've been dancing all night and writing all morning it's easier to sleep. So Jeanne slept.

First, she dreamed of a pair of beautiful blue shoes, and it made her so happy she laughed aloud, but the shoes turned out to be rejected stories, and two tears came and chased the laugh away.

So Jeanne awoke and shared the spot of sun with the cat, and wondered if René would sell his picture, but the sun made her sleepy. She decided to dream about him.

He was laughing with a young girl and when they saw Jeanne they walked away.

This made Jeanne restless and she kicked the spot of sun in her sleep, for now she was afraid he wouldn't come back. But she believed in him and wanted him always.

So Jeanne slept and awoke and slept again.

The candles were burning more beautifully than ever, for they were ashamed of their tears, and were trying to dry them.

The painted horses, the silver one, the gold one, and the purple one were galloping faster, for they too were ashamed. Their manes had become so tangled and they were trying to smooth them.

There was excitement in the air, you see, for a man was coming with a bag of gold to buy René's picture.

René was excited too, and he kissed the poet, and hugged the boy at the piano, yet the poet only bent his head lower, and the boy went out through the blue-green door.

But René didn't notice them, for he saw the two men had finished their chess game. And when he told them, they forgot to be angry because they'd let their coffee get cold, and they ordered more and threw their arms about him.

He told the boy and girl who danced and forgot there was a world, and they all laughed and cried and laughed again.

But the poet would not raise his head, and the boy would not return to the piano.

Then René heard a great pounding, and he threw open the door and welcomed the gentleman in with his bag of gold.

He sold the picture and patted the horses and wept with the dying candles.

They say that the poet came back when the people were gone and painted the blue-green door black . . .

René and Jeanne ran away that night with a cat, and a box of paints and a bag of gold, but the poet and the boy at the piano only wept and waited . . .

In Defense of Examinations



WHAT is so weird and obsolete about examinations? How are regular examinations including the class-percentage system unfair when held honestly? Are we concerned whether the professor's lectures are given due interest? If not why expect due interest for the little blue books? When you know a thing thoroughly are you afraid of an examination? Why eliminate examinations because of poor penmanship? What honorable means can be a practical substitute for American examinations, that will prove them a curse instead of a blessing? Isn't it far-fetched to expect professors to meet less embarrassing difficulty by gazing into poker-faces and calling bluffs? Why do you call our semester examinations "amphibianesque semester third degrees," instead of a written discussion proving your worth? If we "cease being hesitantly modern and reluctantly medieval" is that proof of progress, and is it possible? Why do you say the daily quiz and the semester examinations are two systems and impossible to be reconciled? Why does not the one call for the other? Why not prove the statement "The examination is utterly useless because of this time-clock minuteness of faculty observation of students?"

Our needs are determined to a large extent by examinations which grade our progress. The forces guiding the means of examinations are from the high and impersonal rule of the awe-inspiring facts of nature. Due to our close relation with nature these forces stir the depth of our being into moral and material growth by making life the assigning of things to their proper places; the method of human progress. The means or types of examinations that are guided by true proscribers of the course of progress will result with the so-called victim revealing his conscience, his character and his will. The little blue book gives in a visible form the student's knowledge and reveals his just, frank and wise way of showing himself. Examinations also show the students conflict with the essential and secondary things of life. The more accurate the grading the straighter and narrower becomes the student's line and his individual goal; it relieves him of excess baggage because it promotes the power of knowledge; which is exact clear learning, which enables the student to make clear-cut decisions.

The semester examinations of the American University cannot be dispensed with because they tell you and your professor what you remember and how you remember the subject as a whole.

These sober (dry or wet) thirties have brought us face to face with many trying situations and our serious examinations of them, as even the "Examination of Examinations" proves the worth of the discussion that deals with the whole.

Society moans for more honesty and seriousness in examinations, because "ear-marked products of the University are in legislatures, judicial and other professional walks of life causing them to suffer and pay quality prices for mere passing ability. The time-clock minuteness of faculty observation of students has as its aim the truer grading of its products.

University life is strengthened by discipline, and its discipline is not only the respect of the inferior for the superior but respect for the true drill of the examinations. The unseen foundation of the University is grounded in the studied past; therefore it relies on respect for facts and not on the individual petulance toward facts.

Before you can respect your opportunity in the University you must decide to make an honest reason for your life and enter the University only with the intention of working it out. Is there any real reason to live honestly if it is not with the intention to help unburden the troubles of man? Life without work this purpose becomes consciously or unconsciously a dome of scandal. Thought and action of this kind when entering

STAFF OF The Monthly Literary Review

EDITOR

EIRE MOONEY

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Gwendolyn Folsom

Benjamin Schwarz Herbert L. Alexander II
Helene Kreutzer Gladys Wright
Paul M. A. Linebarger Betsy Garrett

*Publisher Monthly as the literary section of
The University Hatchet*

Douglass Bement *Executive Officer*
H. W. Herzog *Graduate Manager*
F. Winfield Weitzel *Editor*
Lester M. Gates *Business Manager*

Editor's Column



THE Staff is pleased to call attention to the new name added to the mast head. Gladys Wright has been a regular contributor to the REVIEW for several years. Her period of assistance will of necessity be brief, however, since she is a candidate for an A. B. degree to be conferred this June.

Announcement is again made of the one-act play contest which the REVIEW is sponsoring with the cooperation of the University Hatchet proper. All regularly enrolled students of the University are eligible. Judges have been appointed from the English Department, and Mr. Paul Pearlman has donated the prize book. The contest closes on April 15th. Details and rules appeared in the University Hatchet back copies of which may be secured at that office. For further information please communicate with the Editor, "Colonial Review." This contest is the REVIEW's answer to the numerous requests which we have received from students interested in play-writing, and it is hoped that much hitherto unsuspected talent will be revealed.

It may be stated for the benefit of those who are interested in staff positions that the REVIEW will hold Spring elections some time in April at which time the staff for the next year will be selected. All elections are based upon the merits of original work submitted.

"In Defense of Examinations," the article by Mr. Korecz which appears in this issue, is a spirited reply to Paul Linebarger's "Examination of Examinations" of last issue.

Snowbound

(Continued from Page 6)

dipped wildly about in the ruts of snow. At the corner the drifts swallowed the wheels, leaving the body to bob up and down on the white waves. It was going over in the drifts. Elsa thought how queer John would look with his mouth all full of snow. But the buggy lunged forward again. She saw a mittened hand waving in time to the dips and bobs. She waved back, although she knew the black pine tents hid her from view.

the University will reveal the atmosphere of subtly far-reaching cultural influence. This thought also makes clear and simple the laborious functions of the University in its "mass-production policy." Yes, obscure, contradictory and difficult it is, but you realize life to be no theory, because we must have work before we approach Utopian dreams.

The main duty of the American university is to its country. The duty is in the form of sharpening the individual values of its citizens so they work in harmony with the knowledge of the principles which uphold the value of our Constitution.

Perfect simplicity for perfect efficiency in the state being approached by our Student Council because its chief aim is to do what it ought to do (be a harmony link between the students and the faculty). I believe all its members are endeavoring to carry out that aim in practice. Since simplicity is their state of mind we can with time expect and see to it that we get the same degree of efficiency.

EMERICK P. KORECZ.

The Man in the Front Row

By SIDNEY WILHELMJ GOTTLIEB

*"Wisely has the poet sung.
Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he'll only hold his tongue."*



SO unwisely has Rudyard Kipling sung, for he has completely forgotten the dramatic critic of today's newspaper. A dramatic critic is paid not to hold his tongue and he is one usually because he likes it.

Contemplate the diversified opinions of the patrons of an opening night, then read the morning paper. There you will find the best opinion compiled through a knowledge of what is best based on previous experience, a feeling of what the public wants, and the will to convey the proper advice to theatregoers. Of course there are times when the best critic will be biased by petty personal feelings or grievances, but those small things will be evident to an intelligent reader.

Ever since Samuel Pepys wrote in his now-famous diary we have had critics. We have read their works, talked about them, disagreed with them, and called them fools, but did we ever realize the study, research, or sleepless nights they have had to put up with to give us the best opinion so that we may make the proper choice? It is highly improbable that the majority of us ever did. This is not a plea for sympathy but one for appreciation.

If we are interested in the theatre as a mode of enjoyment, we can make it so much more enjoyable if we arrive at a greater understanding of it and a better knowledge of what takes place in it currently. In order to do these things consistently we should read about it. The proper place to do that is in the newspapers where they have these highly trained observers of the theatre.

An instance of the critic's importance in the theatre proper is told by an old stage hand in one of Gotham's better houses. A prominent director was embroiled in an argument with the leading lady, several other actors, the stage hands, and the stage manager. The question was, "Whose place in the theatre was more closely affiliated with the success of a production?" Each claimed the position of honor until the critic of a newspaper entered to view the dress rehearsal which was supposed to be in progress. He said, "I never go to see a show that is not properly rehearsed," and then he sat down. A more diligent rehearsal was never before held for that production.

As it is with any highly intelligent individual, the critic does not try to force his opinion on anyone. He gives you the outsider's viewpoint based on years of experience in the theatre and let you make of it what you will. The person who takes the recommendation of the drama critic seldom goes wrong.